

Good Morning

46

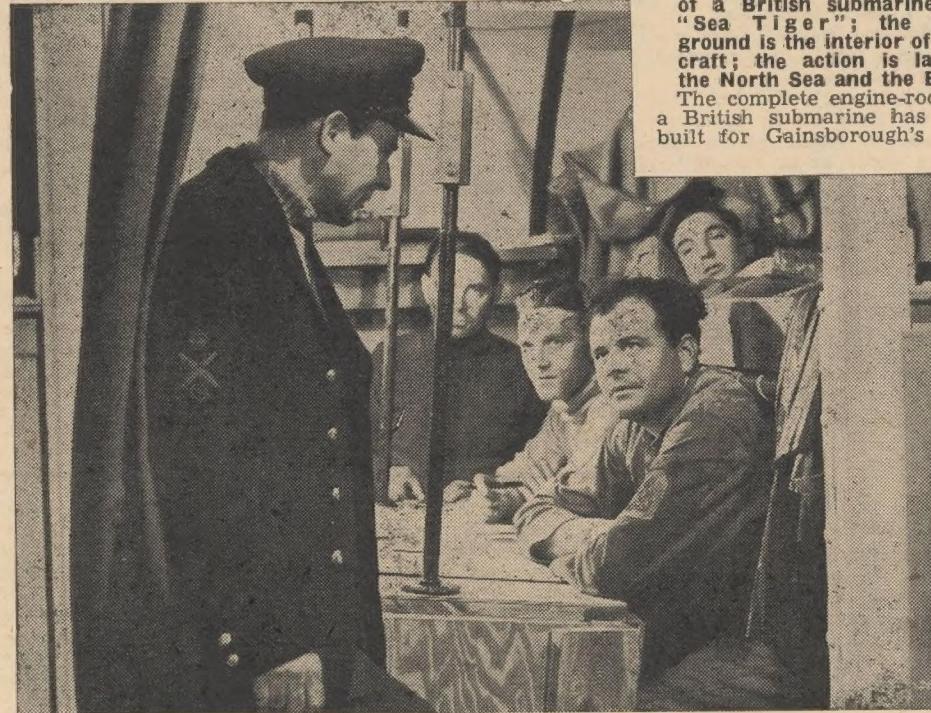
The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



"ARABELLA'S A LONG NAME."

Tug (LESLIE WESTON) and Mike (NIALL McGUINNIS) have kidded the Cox'n that his girl friend's real name is Arabella. Keeping the joke to themselves, the two shipmates arrange to tattoo the name on the Cox'n's wrist during patrol.

"YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF TAKING HIS PLACE, WERE YOU?"
Cox'n Dabbs (REGINALD PURDELL, left) asks Mike (NIALL McGUINNIS, right) if he is trying to stay behind on board during leave, in place of a seaman who has gone sick. Dabbs is annoyed, because Mike is due to marry his sister this leave.



THEY SAY—Do you agree?

FRAUD ON FREEDOM.

IT is no good building a world in which people are legally free to say exactly what they think, but in which millions are so poor or so insecure that they do not dare take advantage of their freedom for fear of losing a job, or a dole, or a charity. That is a fraud on freedom.

Commander Herbert Agar,
U.S.N.

ESSENTIAL.

THE primary object of post-war planning should be to ensure that the means of acquisition of essential foodstuffs are made available to the millions of potential consumers throughout the world.

E. Redmayne Jones
(Baltic Exchange).

SHIPBUILDERS.

OUR sea-power sprang originally from the forests of oaks in the south of England and the skill of our ship-

builders... To-day it is on the skill of the men of Clydeside and the North Countrymen that our sea-power mainly rests.

Admiral Sir William James.

HISTORY IN STONE.

OUR great buildings are our truly national treasures, not as so many of our famous possessions in museums and galleries, the works of foreign craftsmen, but native to the soil, the history of the nation in stone, marble, metal, wood and glass.

Sir Charles Peers.

WORLD GOVERNMENT.

IN this imperfect world law and order can be maintained only by government. The maintenance of law and order in the international sphere cannot, therefore, be achieved by any "authority" short of international government.

Harold S. Bidmead.

SLUMS.

THE pig, if given a chance, is one of the cleanest of all animals, especially in the precise care taken not to dirty its straw. The alleged dirtiness of pigs is due wholly to the ill-equipped slums in which too often they are imprisoned. Social reformer, please note.

Sir William Beach Thomas.

START NOW.

IF we are not fighting for a chance to behave more justly than we used to behave, and to make ourselves and our children more intelligent than we used to be, what are we fighting for? But if we are fighting for that chance, hadn't we better get started teaching ourselves to live and think the new way? After all, we won't become saints on Armistice Day. But we can become a little more fit to have a better world, every day that passes.

Commander Herbert Agar,
U.S.N.

WISDOM

From the Past

Knowledge is like money—the more a man gets, the more he craves.

H. W. Shaw.

A man, on the whole, is a better preceptor than a book, But what scholar does not allow that the dullest book can suggest to him a new and a sound idea?"

Bulwer-Lytton.

Knowledge widens our capacities; the higher we mount in it the vaster and more magnificent are the prospects it stretches out before us.

J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Human wisdom is the aggregate of all human experience.

Judge Joseph Story.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

La Rochefoucauld.

You've been screened in—

"WE DIVE AT DAWN"

A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE

"We Dive At Dawn," the new Gainsborough production, in which Eric Portman and John Mills co-star, should be just the thing for you. That is, if you like a busman's holiday.

It is the story of the submarine "Sea Tiger," and, from one who should know, I learn that it is produced with some understanding of the Service.

John Mills, who commands "Sea Tiger," spent six months at a submarine crew training depot to give him the atmosphere and detailed knowledge necessary for a polished performance. He had to learn fully the intricacies of periscope work, navigation, and other submarine technicalities.

In addition, he cultivated a beard, which, when he returned home, scared his six-month-old daughter to tears.

Technically and scenically, "We Dive At Dawn" will be one of the most ambitious of Edward Black's productions at Shepherd's Bush, and for Anthony Asquith it will be the most thrilling screen story he has ever directed. The characters are the crew of a British submarine, the "Sea Tiger"; the background is the interior of their craft; the action is laid in the North Sea and the Baltic. The complete engine-room of a British submarine has been built for Gainsborough's "We

Dive At Dawn" at Shepherd's Bush. Of necessity, this was no "phoney" version of a submarine engine-room, but a replica of the real thing. Actors were drilled and instructed by a submarine officer, who put them through the gruelling, fast-moving routine of coping with telegraph orders from the control-room, as the submarine

forges through Nazi minefields in the Baltic. Every dial, gauge, switch and valve, every component of the engines, every needle of the pressure indicators, every lever and wheel worked in this hot,

congested, greasy setting, so close packed with actual, practical machinery that there was little room for Director Anthony Asquith and his camera crew.

Bob Bradfield, son of Louis Bradfield, of "Merry Widow" and "Floradora" fame, completes a turnabout. He was Lieut. Bradfield, R.N.V.R., U-boat hunting in the anti-submarine yacht "Viva II." Invalided out, he is now "Lieut. Brace, R.N.R." of the submarine "Sea Tiger," avoiding Nazi anti-submarine hunters in Gainsborough's under-sea thriller, "We Dive At Dawn."

The British submarine "Sea Tiger" docks after a fruitless voyage and the crew are given seven days' leave. Captain Freddie Taylor (John Mills) lays plans for a gay week in London. Leading Seaman Hobson (Eric Portman) goes home to attempt a reunion with his dissatisfied wife, Petty Officer Mike Turner (Niall McGuinnis) is reluctantly led off by Coxswain Dabbs (Reginald Purcell) to a long-delayed wedding with Dabbs' sister, Ethel.

All these private arrangements are immediately cancelled when the crew are suddenly recalled after 24 hours. They sail that night. Their mission is to sink the Nazi battleship "Brandenburg" which is due to leave Bremerhaven for the Kiel Canal, en route for trials in the Baltic. Freddie's instructions are to intercept her off the German coast before she enters the Canal. On the journey across

the North Sea the submarine picks up three German airmen from a buoy.

Hobson,

who speaks fluent German, overhears the airmen talking, and learns that the battleship is already in the Kiel Canal. He reports this to Freddie, who decides to brave the dangers of the Baltic and sink the battleship when she emerges from the other end of the Canal.

When the airmen discover they have unwittingly given Nazi secrets away, they quarrel among themselves, and one dies after a fight with his comrades. Meanwhile, the submarine manoeuvres through the minefields and other under-sea hazards and safely emerges into the Baltic. There she sights and tracks the "Brandenburg" and discharges her torpedoes.

Freddie is unable to see whether his aim is true, because Nazi destroyers race in to attack with depth-charges. Freddie fakes the "sinking" of his submarine by discharging wreckage through the torpedo tubes, together with the corpse of the airman, dressed in British uniform.

The force of the depth-charges causes loss of oil, and after vainly seeking for a tanker from which they might seize fuel, Freddie decides their only course is to blow up the submarine and escape into Denmark, risking the inevitable prison camp. Hobson then remembers there is a port on a nearby Danish island where there may be a tanker in dock. He puts on the uniform of one of the German airmen and gets ashore. He finds a tanker and signals to the submarine to come inshore. A battle royal with machine-guns and grenades develops when the occupying Germans discover them, but the "Sea Tiger" eventually refuels whilst Hobson and the crew keep the enemy at bay.

Victoriously, the submarine and her crew return to England. As they approach port, a destroyer flashes a message to the men back from the dead. They are told they have sunk the "Brandenburg." On the quayside their relatives and sweethearts are waiting for them; among them Mrs. Hobson, eager to re-unite with her husband, and Ethel waiting to marry Bill.



"YOU MUST HAVE USED ALL YOUR COUPONS ON THAT DRESS."

Gladys (MOLLY JOHNSON) critically surveys the bride-to-be (JOAN HOPKINS) just before the wedding to Mike (NIALL McGUINNIS). The wedding is postponed by a recall to the Depot Ship.

Periscope Page

Little Weather
Mysteries—No. 10



Is Our Weather Changing?

THE "Dickens Christmas" has turned out to be a fable, if not a "frost." Yet there have been times when snow covered Britain from October till April, and the Thames remained frozen for months together.

There is a report that all the rivers of Britain were frozen from November till April in the reign of Claudius I (about 50 A.D.), and the Thames was frozen for two months in 134 A.D., and again in 220.

The first well-attested Great Frost occurred about A.D. 250, when the Thames was frozen for nine weeks. Most of the rivers of Britain were frozen for six weeks in 291, and again in 329. In the winter of 684 people actually travelled between Ireland and Scotland on firm sea-ice.

THE IRON FROST.

The severest winter in English history was the five months' "Iron Frost" of 763-4, and in 822 the sea was frozen again so that herds of cattle were driven over it. The Thames was frozen for nine weeks in 827, for thirteen weeks in 923, and for three months in 1205.

These dates, which are merely a selection, are given to show the frequency of the Great Frosts in Saxon and Norman times. They averaged one every 25 years, and were possibly more severe than those of later centuries.

The frost of 1564 is interesting because contemporary accounts describe a game of football played on the Thames. This must be one of the earliest references to the game.

A feature of the frosts of the last three centuries has been the fairs held on the frozen rivers. During the six weeks' frost of 1684, coaches were driven across the Thames at Westminster, where the ice was 18 inches thick, and whole streets of booths were erected. A printing press was set up, and souvenir cards were printed and sold on the ice.

At the Frost Fair of 1716 an ox was roasted whole before thousands of people in the middle of the river. Other fairs followed in 1740 and 1788. In 1814, sheep were roasted on the ice and sold as "Lapland mutton" at a shilling a slice. The last two notable frosts occurred in 1890, when the Thames was frozen for eight weeks, and 1902.

LATER SEASONS.

The chief change in our weather which the experts have noticed is that the seasons are getting later, for while most of the earlier frosts occurred in December, all the Frost Fairs were held in January and February.

During the last Ice Age, when the polar cap of ice reached as far south as the Thames; men were living in the South of England; and the ice-front had only retreated as far north as Stock-

Super Brains Trust

IT is often some lesser mortal who hits the nail on the head. What are your views on to-day's discussion? The question we put to the great men was:

It has been said that "the pen is mightier than the sword," but what are words, that so much importance is attached to them?

Confucius: "Why is so much importance attached to words? Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know men."

Everyman: "But surely words do not speak as loudly as deeds?"

Browning: "What, indeed, is so wild as words are?"

Emerson: "Words are deeds, and actions are a kind of words."

Francis Bacon: "As we ordinarily understand them, words are but the current tokens or marks of popular notions of things."

Carlyle: "That is true enough. All words are metaphors, whether they are recognised as such or not. They are symbols."

Locke: "We should have a great many fewer disputes in the world if words were taken for what they are, the signs of our ideas only, and not for things themselves."

Disraeli: "Nevertheless it is with words that we govern men."

Kipling: "Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind."

George Washington: "But surely a very slender acquaintance with the world is sufficient to convince any man that actions, not words, are what really count. Actions have results, but words are often in vain."

Disraeli: "My dear sir, the other side of the question must be considered. Feeble deeds are far vainer than words. And can we decide what deeds we have to do without using words? Have they not a priority claim?"

Figure These Out

IF you divide 1·00 by 9, the answer is an endless number of ones. Try how long the following series is maintained:

1	divided by 9 =	·111111111 etc.
2	" 9 =	·222222222 etc.
3	" 9 =	·333333333 etc.
4	" 9 =	·444444444 etc.
5	" 9 =	·555555555 etc.

And here is a curious multiplication sum, the working part of which consists of nothing at all but ones. Fill in the middle for yourself—we haven't the space:

$$\begin{array}{ccccccccc}
 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 9 \\
 & 9 & 9 & 9 & 9 & 9 & 9 & 9 & 9 \\
 \times & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 \\
 \hline
 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 \\
 & * & * & * & * & * & * & * & *
 \end{array}$$

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

And the answer runs up from 1 to 9 and down again!

holm 8,000 years ago. To-day it lies well within the Arctic Circle.

Elsewhere in the world we know that the weather is changing.

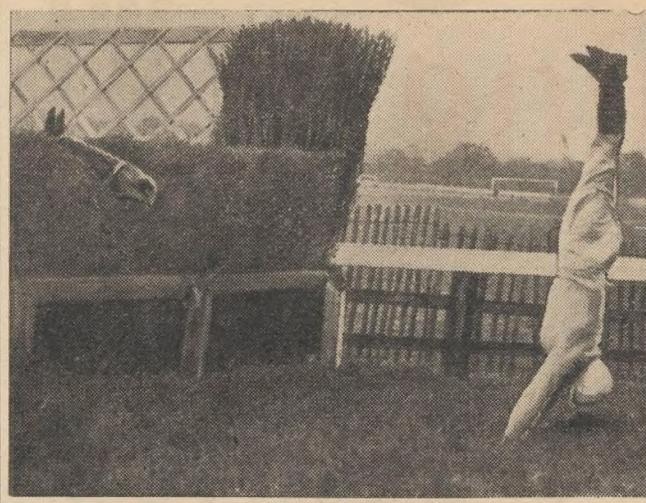
For instance, the Sahara Desert has extended southwards in historical times, and a recent discovery of Stone Age settlements in Libya indicate that this part of the great African desert had a plentiful rainfall about 5,000 B.C.

COLD MAY COME. The great Ice Ages were subdivided into glacial periods by warm interludes, and the present mildness of British winters may mean that we are only enjoying a respite before the onset of a fifth period of intense cold.

However, in the past the warm interludes lasted for some thousands of years, and there is no cause for alarm.

GOOD MORNING

CURIOS ACCIDENTS



RACING AT CHELTENHAM.

Cotswold Steeplechase. All the world seems upside-down to C. Spares, who went over the Open Ditch alone. His mount, "Chios," is seen watching over the fence. "Fancy leaping THAT distance just to stand on your head," he seems to be saying.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

The captain looked me full in the face.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, "the reservoirs will be empty."



I broke out into a cold perspiration. On the 22nd of March the Nautilus had sunk below the free waters of the Pole. We were now at the 26th. We had been living for five days on the vessel's reserves, and what remained of breathable air must be kept for the workers.

"Do you not understand," he continued, "that this congelation of water will help us? Do you not see that by its solidification it will break up the ice-fields that imprison us, as in freezing it breaks up the hardest stones?"

"Yes, captain, perhaps. But however capable the Nautilus may be of resisting pressure, it could not bear that, and would be crushed as flat as a steel plate."

"I know it, sir; therefore we must not count upon Nature for help, but upon ourselves. We must prevent this solidification. Not only are the lateral walls closing up, but there does not remain ten feet of water either fore or aft of the Nautilus. It is freezing on all sides of us."

"How much longer," I asked, "shall we have air to breathe on board?"

"Boiling water!" murmured he.

"Boiling water?" I cried.

"Yes, sir. We are inclosed in a relatively restricted space. Would not some jets of boiling water, constantly injected by the pumps of the Nautilus, raise the temperature of this medium, and delay its congelation?"

The thermometer then indicated seven degrees outside. Captain Nemo took me to the kitchens, where vast distilling apparatus was at work, which furnished drinking-water by evaporation.

It was filled with water, and all the electric heat of the piles was put into the serpentine, bathed by the liquid. In a few moments the water had attained 100°.

The injection began, and three hours after the thermometer outside indicated six degrees below zero. It was one degree gained. Two hours later the thermometer only indicated four.

During the night the tempera-

Treason doth never prosper: what is the reason? Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Sir John Harrington
(1561-1612).

If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine, she will breathe into thy lips divinity, and thou, like Phœbus, shall speak oracle.

Dekar.

lent. I dislocated my jaws with gaping.

If our situation was intolerable in the interior, with what haste and pleasure we donned our bathing-dresses to work in our turn! The pickaxes rang on the frozen surface. Our arms were tired, our hands skinned, but what mattered fatigues and wounds? Our lungs had vital air. We breathed!

That day the usual work was accomplished with still more vigour. But six feet of ice remained. Six feet alone separated us from the open sea. But the reservoirs of air were almost empty. The little that remained must be kept for the workers.

On that day, the sixth of our imprisonment, Captain Nemo, finding the pickaxes' work too slow, resolved to crush in the bed of ice that still separated us from the water.

He ordered the vessel to be lightened—that is to say, raised from the ice by a change of specific gravity. When it floated it was towed above the immense trench dug according to its water-line. Then its reservoirs of water were filled; it sank into the hole.

The taps of the reservoirs were then turned full on, and a hundred cubic yards of water rushed in, increasing by 200,000 lbs. the Nautilus's weight.

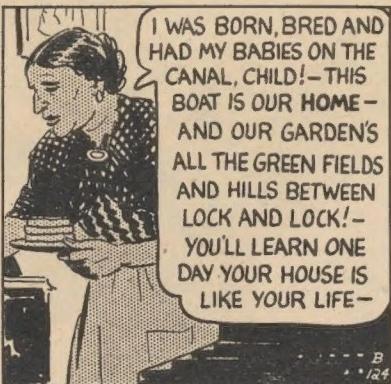
We waited and listened, forgetting our sufferings, hoping still. We had made our last effort.

Notwithstanding the buzzing in my head, I soon felt the vibrations in the hull of the Nautilus. A lower

Continued on Page 3.

JANE

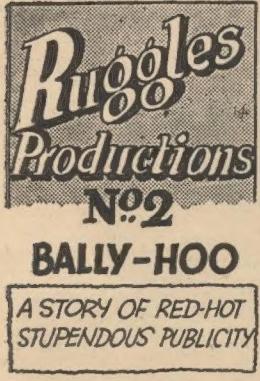


Beelzebub Jones**Belinda**

HOLD YOUR TONGUE, LAD!
YOUR MOTHER CAN TALK LIKE A BOOK WHEN THERE'S OUGHT TO BE SAID!

Popeye

YES, I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE MUCH HELP

Ruggles**NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS**

Continued from Page 2.

level was reached. The ice cracked with a singular noise like paper being torn, and the *Nautilus* sank.

"We have gone through!" murmured Conseil in my ear.

I could not answer him. I seized his hand and pressed it convulsively.

All at once, dragged down by its fearful overweight, the *Nautilus* sank like a cannon-ball—that is to say, as though it was falling in a vacuum!

Then all the electric force was put into the pumps, which immediately began to drive the water out of the reservoirs. After a few minutes our fall was stopped. Soon even the manometer indicated an ascensional movement. The screw, with all speed on, made the iron hull tremble to its very bolts, and dragged us northwards.

But how long would this navigation under the ice-bank last before we reached the open sea? Another day? I should be dead first.

No! Ned and Conseil, my two brave friends, were sacrificing themselves to save me. Some atoms of full speed against the field, which

air had remained at the bottom of an apparatus. Instead of breathing it, they had kept it for me; and while they were suffocating, they poured me out life drop by drop!

I wished to push the apparatus away. They held my hands, and for some minutes I breathed voluntarily.

My eyes fell on the clock. It was 11 a.m. It must be the 28th of March. The *Nautilus* was going at a frightful speed of forty miles an hour.

At that moment the manometer indicated that we were only twenty feet from the surface. A simple field of ice separated us from the atmosphere. Could we not break it?

Perhaps. Any way, the *Nautilus* was going to attempt it. I felt that it was taking an oblique position, lowering its stern, and raising its prow. An introduction of water had been sufficient to disturb its equilibrium. Then, propelled by its powerful screw, it attacked the ice-field from below like a powerful battering-ram. It broke it in slightly, then drew back, drove at

broke up, and at last, by a supreme effort, it sprang upon the frozen surface, which it crushed under its weight.

The panel was opened, I might say torn up, and the pure air rushed in to all parts of the *Nautilus*.

(Continued to-morrow)

To be wiser than other men is to be honester than they; and strength of mind is only courage to see and speak the truth.

Hazlitt.

Whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

Cervantes.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension; and knowledge is the measure of the mind.

Sir Richd. Grenville.

It is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge that what it gains it never loses.

Daniel Webster.

There is a boom in diamonds, but be careful how you buy them.

Diamonds are Trumps

THERE is a boom in diamonds at present, not only the small ones used in making munitions, but also the big ones.

Jewellers will tell you that many people who have money to spare these days are investing in diamonds. Even Goering, they say, has been buying—for the future which may never come to him. And so has Hitler. It is anticipated that after the war the jewels of the smaller occupied countries will find their way into the market, just as the Russian Crown Jewels were disposed of after the revolution.

The Orlov, which was set in the sceptre of the Russian Tsars, was believed to have been at one time part of the huge stone known as the Great Mogul, which weighed 800 carats in the rough.

Every diamond of great value has its name in the markets of the world. Here are some of the names: The Shah of Persia, the Polar Star, the Rising Sun, the Kohinoor, the Golden Dawn, the Blue Diamond, the Pasha of Egypt, the Star of the South, The Hope, the Cullinan, the Stewart, the Nizam, the Sancy, the Tiger's Eye, the Regent. There are many others.

BIGGEST IN WORLD.

The Cullinan, the biggest in the world, was found about a generation ago near Pretoria. It was given by the South African Government to King Edward VII on his birthday.

But its size made it unwieldy. It weighed over 3,000 carats (more than a pound and a quarter), and it was cut into nine large and several smaller stones.

Our Royal Family also own the historic Kohinoor. It was presented to Queen Victoria after the annexation of the Punjab, and then weighed 186 carats. It was exhibited, under guard, at the famous Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, and was afterwards cut to 106 carats.

The Hope Diamond is reputed to have brought bad luck to its owners; but it is not the only one by far. Many years ago some of these great diamonds were the cause of murder and slaughter, not only where they were found, but when they were being transported from one country to another. Diamonds in themselves, of course, are incapable of bringing "bad luck" to anybody.

The Hope was cut down from a large blue stone which was stolen from the French Crown Jewels during the French Revolution.

If you have any idea of buying one of the really big diamonds known to merchants, think twice. Their prices are apt to change unaccountably.

When the famous Jubilee Diamond, one of the loveliest, and the third in size of the world's big stones, was in the market some years ago in London, a quarter of a million pounds was asked for it. The owners were a syndicate headed by Sir D. Tata, a Parsee millionaire.

DROP IN PRICE.

The Jubilee is oval in shape, and weighed 640 carats before cutting, and 230 carats after cutting.

Yet, when the 61-carat amber-hued Golden Dawn stone was offered a year or so before the Jubilee it was put up for sale in a London auction room and sold for £4,950.

And for this diamond the finder refused an offer of £40,000—and got more!

So much depends on circumstances, just like the buying and selling of Old Master paintings.

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. 10,000 square metres.

2. Trent.

3. Cat.

4. Tungsten.

5. One who wants to know everything. (From the Latin for "What now?")

6. Three pennies or five half-pennies.

7. A freak of nature.

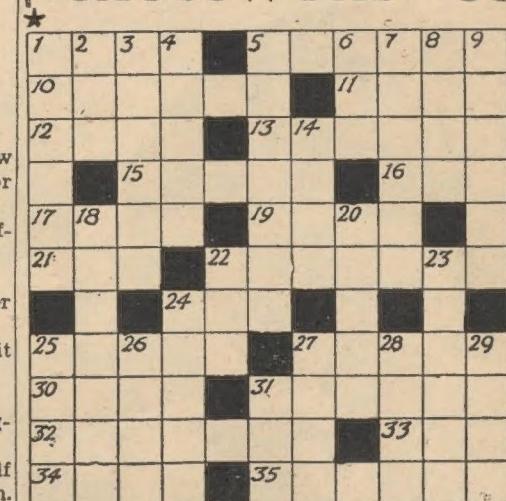
8. The inventor of summer time.

9. From Cambrai, where it was first manufactured.

10. Ivor Novello.

11. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

12. Coleridge, calling himself Silas Tompkins Comberbatch.

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES ACROSS.**

1 Cry down.

5 Rough copies.

10 Boy's name or Great Latin poet.

11 Shell-fish.

12 Off.

13 Sort.

15 Suit.

16 Drink.

17 Metal.

19 Area.

21 Sooner than

22 Retributive justice.

24 Play on words.

25 Small bird.

27 Insipid.

30 Presently.

31 Cotton material.

32 Funny drawing.

33 Tree.

34 Deer.

35 Academic rank.

MARCH LOUD CINERARIAS UNISON TRUG REMINDER RE TRADE LEVEN A TESTS ART ICES RIFT LAD KEEL HA IN PIP UPON NOMINATION GNAT NODDED

ANY IDEAS

for quizzes, jokes, puzzles or sketches?

WRITE TO US—ADDRESS ON BACK PAGE.

1 Exaltation. 2 Rank. 3 Fit for tillage. 4 Barked. 5 Inhabitant. 6 Performance. 7 Wind instruments. 8 Gross, minus net weight. 9 Blurs. 14 Minute portion. 18 Number. 20 Indian state. 22 Fruit. 23 Cold pendulous spike. 24 Capacity measures. 25 Step. 26 Flesh food. 27 Weather-cock. 28 Jetty. 29 Cupola. 31 Fish.

Good Morning

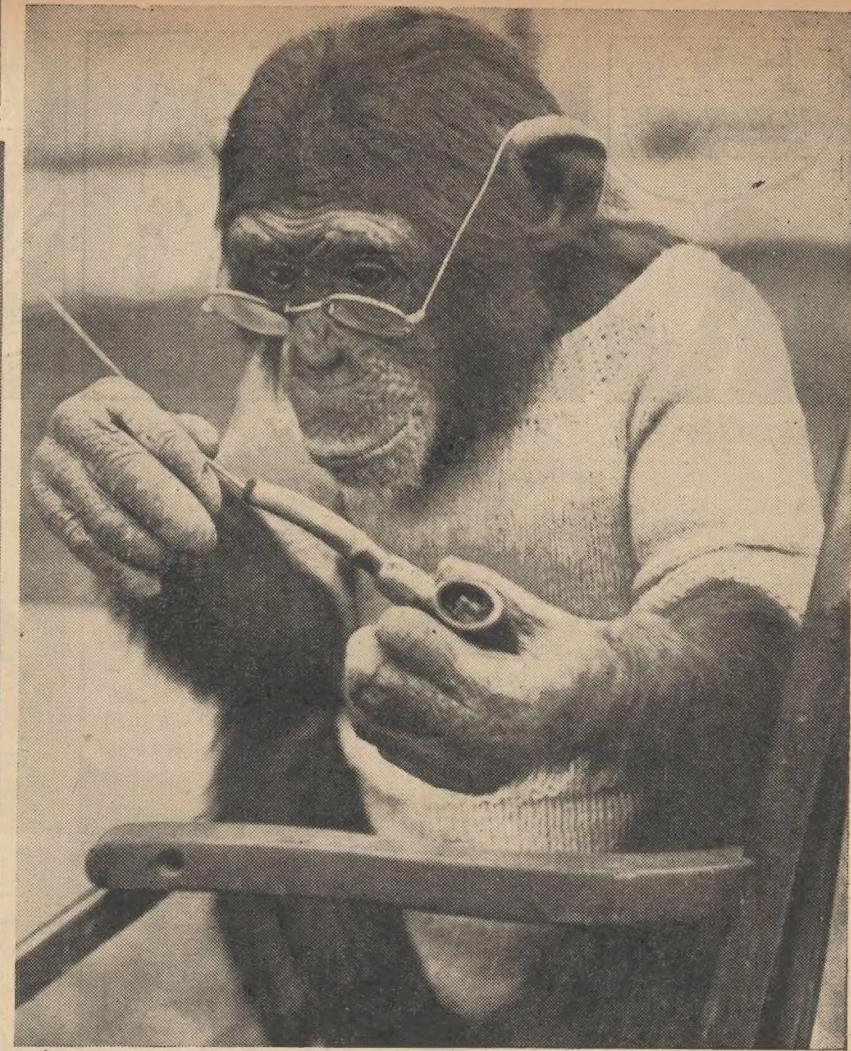
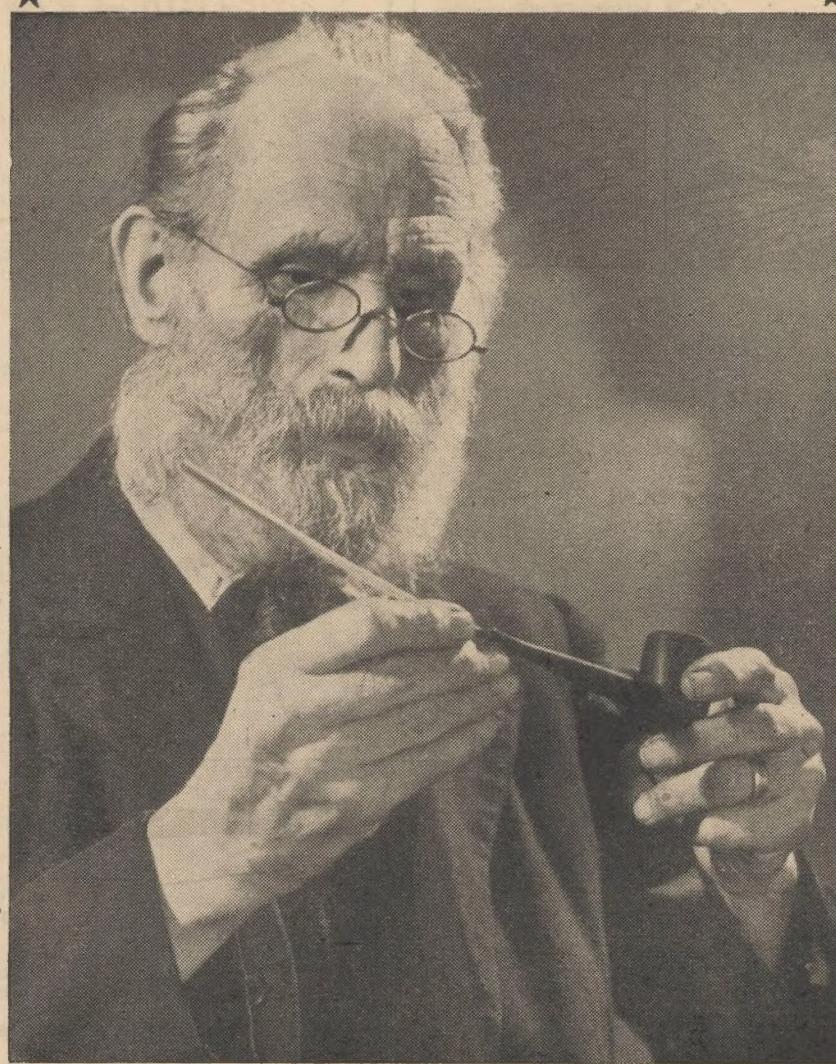
All communications to be addressed to : "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

COLD?



Well — fur — evermore — if it isn't Doris Morris, all dolled up in kit for a concert on the Russian Front—or Scapa in January! If it wasn't for her undercarriage, we'd almost believe it ourselves.

"Hm! — I can't understand it — this is the third cleaner I've used, and still it doesn't seem to draw freely — must be a stoppage somewhere."



"Hm! — I've put two bits of wire and about an ounce of sand into this darned thing — rammed it tight, and, dang it — I can still blow through it!"

THIS ENGLAND



Many Devon men may recognise this picture of their fair County — the Dart Meet Bridge, East Dart, one of the thousand beauty spots in South Devonshire. The bridge is centuries old, and set against a background which is a cameraman's dream.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"What I think of giraffes is printed below in invisible ink, owing to censorship."



"This, my dear fellow, is exactly descriptive of my sentiment when anybody asks me what I think of cats—and ships' cats are no exception."